

E S T H E R. //

A N

O R A T O R I O :

WITH NEW ADDITIONS.

As it is Perform'd at the

T H E A T R E R O Y A L

I N S W I T H A M

C O V E N T - G A R D E N .

Set to Musick by Mr. H A N D E L.



L O N D O N :

Printed for J. W A T T S : And Sold by B. D O D at the *Bible and*
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[Price One Shilling.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ESTHER.

AHASUERUS.

HAMAN.

MORDECAI.

HABDONAH.

ISRAELITES.



[Price One Shilling.]



E S T H E R.

A N

O R A T O R I O.

P A R T I. S C E N E I.

RECITATIVE *accompagn'd.*

E S T H E R.



REATHE soft, ye Gales;
Ye Rills, in Silence roll;
And heav'nly Peace reside
In *Esther's* Soul.

S O N G.

*Watchful Angels, let me share
Your indulgent, daily Care.*

RECITATIVE.

O King of Kings! celestial Lord!
Whose Works our Admiration raise;
With Rapture shall my Lips record
Thy Majesty's immortal Praise.

A 2

ANTHEM.

E S T H E R.

ANTHEM.

I.

*My Heart is inditing of a good Matter :
I speak of the things
Which I have made unto the King.*

II.

Kings Daughters were among thy honourable Women.

III.

*Upon thy right Hand did stand the Queen
In Vesture of Gold :
And the King shall have Pleasure
In thy Beauty.*

IV.

*Kings shall be thy Nursing-Fathers,
And Queens thy Nursing-Mothers.*

RECIT.

Haman. O King! for ever live!

Thy Slave's Request

Flows from the Duty of a loyal Breast.

The vassal Jews, thro' all thy Realms, disdain

A due Subjection to thy gracious Reign :

They boast their God will plead their Cause,

Restore their Temple, and their Laws.

Ah! would my Sov'reign in his Slave confide,

I soon would humble their pernicious Pride,

Whose impious Ardour to rebel,

Captivity's too mild to quell.

Ahas. Go settle then my Realm's Repose;

Avenge thy Monarch on his Foes;

Pursue

Pursue their Pride with a relentless Hand,
And purge Rebellion from the tainted Land.

S O N G.

Ahas. *Endless Fame thy Days adorning,
Glory brighter than the Morning
Shall reward thy faithful Care;
Titles, all their Lustre lending,
To thy latest Race descending,
Shall thy Prince's Love declare.*

Da Capo.

R E C I T.

Habdonah. 'Tis greater far to spare than to destroy.
Haman. I'll hear no more, it is decreed
All the Jewish Race shall bleed.

S O N G.

*Pluck Root and Branch from out the Land;
Shall I the God of Israel fear?
Let Jewish blood dye every Hand;
Nor Age nor Sex I spare.
Rase their Temples to the Ground,
And let their Place no more be found.*

C H O R U S.

*Shall we the God of Israel fear?
Nor Age nor Sex we'll spare,
Pluck Root and Branch from out the Land.*

R E C I T.

Israelitish Woman. Jerusalem no more shall mourn,
In sad Captivity forlorn.

The

The righteous God in whom we trust
 Will be propitious to the Just.
 To Rapture then your Voices raise,
 And change your Sighs to Songs of Praise.

S O N G.

*Tune your Harps to chearful Strain,
 Moulder Idols into Dust;
 Great Jehovah lives and reigns,
 We in great Jehovah trust.*

Da Capo.

C H O R U S.

*Shall we of Servitude complain,
 The heavy Yoke and galling Chain?*

R E C I T.

Mordecai. How have our Sins provok'd the Lord?
 Wild Persecution has unsheath'd the Sword.
Haman hath sent forth his Decree.
 The Sons of *Israel* all
 Shall in one Ruin fall.

R E C I T A T I V E *accompany'd.*

Methinks I hear the Mothers Groans,
 While Babes are dash'd against the Stones.
 I hear the Infants shriller Screams,
 Stabb'd at the Mother's Breast:
 Blood stain's the Murd'rer's Vest,
 And through the City flows in Streams.

S O N G.

E S T H E R.

7

S O N G.

O Jordan, Jordan, *sacred Tide,*
Shall we no more behold thee glide
The fertile Vales along,
As in our great Forefathers Days?
Shall not thy Hills resound with Praise,
And learn our holy Song?

Da Capo.

C H O R U S.

Ye Sons of Israel mourn,
Ye never to your Country shall return.



ESTHER



E S T H E R.

A N

O R A T O R I O.

P A R T II, S C E N E I.

C H O R U S.



TRANST may a while presume
They never shall receive their Doom:
But they soon shall trembling know,
Stern Justice strikes the surest Blow.

R E C I T A T I V E.

E S T H E R, M O R D E C A I, and Israelites.

Esther. Why sits that Sorrow on thy Brow?
Why is thy reverend Head
With mournful Ashes spread?
Why is the humble Sackcloth worn?
Speak, *Mordecai*, my Kinsman, Friend, speak,
And let *Esther* know,
Why all this solemn Woe?

Mordecai

Mordecai. One Fate involves us all,
Haman's Decree, to strike at me,
 Hath said that every *Jew* shall fall.

Go, stand before the King, with weeping Eye.

Esther. Who goes unsummon'd, by the Law shall die.

Mordecai. Haste to the King, his Mercy crave,

Trust to th' Almighty, and be brave.

Why wer't thou rais'd to *Persia's* Throne?

Not for thy Sake alone.

S O N G.

Dread not, righteous Queen, the Danger,

Love will pacify his Anger;

Fear is due to God alone:

Follow great Jehovah's Calling,

For thy Kindred's Safety falling,

Death is better than a Throne.

Da Capo.

RECIT.

Esther. I go, the Pow'r of Grief to prove,
 O may that Grief Compassion move!

S O N G.

Tears assist me, Pity moving;

Justice cruel Fraud reproving;

Hear, O God, thy Servant's Pray'r!

Is it Blood that must atone?

Take, O take my Life alone,

And thy chosen People spare.

B

CHORUS.

E S T H E R.

C H O R U S.

Save us, O Lord, and blunt the wrathful Sword.

R E C I T.

Esther. O Heav'n, protect me, with thy tender Care,
And make the King propitious to my Pray'r!

R E C I T.

Ahas. Who dares intrude into our Presence
Without our Leave? It is decreed
He dies for this audacious Deed.
Ha! *Esther* there! The Law condemns,
But Love will spare.

Esther. My Spirits sink; alas! I faint.

Ahas. Ye Pow'rs! what Paleness spreads her beauteous
Face!

Esther, awake, thou fairest of thy Race!

Esther, awake and live, 'tis my Command;
Behold the golden Scepter in my Hand,
Sure Sign of Grace; the bloody, stern Decree,
Was never meant, my Queen, to strike at thee.

D U E T.

Esther. Who calls my parting Soul from Death?

Ahas. Awake my Soul, my Life, my Breath.

Esther. Hear my Suit, or else I die.

Ahas. Ask, my Queen, can I deny?

A R I A.

E S T H E R.

II

A R I A.

*O beauteous Queen, uncloſe thoſe Eyes,
My Faireſt ſhall not bleed;
Hear Love's ſoft Voice that bids thee riſe,
And bids thy ſuit ſucceed.
Ask and 'tis granted, from this Hour
Who ſhares our Heart ſhall ſhare our Pow'r.*

Da Capo.

R E C I T.

*Eſther. If I find Favour in thy Sight,
May the great Monarch of the Eaſt
Honour my Feaſt,
And deign to be his Servant's Gueſt;
The King and Haman I invite.*

S O N G.

*Ahaſ. How can I ſtay when Love invites?
I come, my Queen, to chaſte Delights;
With Joy, with Pleaſure I obey,
To thee I give the Day.*

Da Capo.

R E C I T.

*Eſther. The Lord his People ſhall reſtore,
And we in Salem ſhall adore.*

D U E T and C H O R U S.

*Sion now her Head ſhall raiſe;
Tune your Harps to Songs of Praise.*

B 2

R E C I T.

R E C I T.

Mordecai. With inward Joy his Viſage glows,
He to the Queen's Apartment goes.
Beauty hath his Fury charm'd,
And all his Wrath diſarm'd.

S O N G.

*May thy Beauty ſweetly pleaſing,
All it's pow'rful Charms impart;
With new Luſtre ſtill increaſing,
To engage the Monarch's Heart! Da Capo.*

R E C I T.

Mordecai. The King will liſten to his royal Fair,
And own her lovely Prevalence of Prayer.

A N T H E M.

*Bleſſed are all they that fear the Lord!
God ſave the King!
Let the King live for ever! Amen. Hallelujah!
Long live the King!
May the King live for ever! Amen. Hallelujah!*





E S T H E R.

A N

O R A T O R I O.

PART III. SCENE I.

RECITATIVE *accompagn'd.*

MORDECAI.

JEHOVAH, crown'd with Glory bright,
Surrounded with eternal Light,
Whose Ministers are Flames of Fire,
Arise, and execute thine Ire!

CHORUS.

*He comes, he comes to end our Woes,
And pour his Vengeance on our Foes.*

RECIT.

Israelitish Woman. Permit me, Queen, with dutious address
Thus to congratulate your due Success.

SONG.

*How sweet the Rose, in vernal Bloom delighting,
When the gay Spring, with various Charms inviting,
In the glad Year resumes her Part!
Nature then triumphs in her flow'ry Treasure:
But far more sweet and charming is the Pleasure,
When Love with Beauty points his Dart.*

AHASUE-

AHASUERUS, HAMAN, *Israelites.*

Ahas. Now, O Queen, thy Suit declare,
Ask half my Empire, and 'tis thine.

Esther. O gracious King! my People spare,
For in their Lives you strike at mine.
Reverse the dire Decree, the blow is aim'd

At *Mordecai* and Me.

And is the Fate of *Mordecai* decreed?

Who, when the Ruffian's Sword
Sought to destroy my royal Lord,
Brought forth to light the desperate Deed.

Ahas. Yes, yes, I own to him alone
I owe my Life and Throne:
Say then, my Queen, who dare presume
The Life to which Reward is due?

Esther. 'Tis *Haman's* Hate that sign'd his Fate.

Ahas. I swear, by yon bright Globe of Light
Which rules the Day, that *Haman's* Sight
Shall never more behold the golden Ray.

RECITATIVE *accompagn'd.*

Haman. Turn not, O Queen, thy Face away;
Behold me prostrate on the Ground.
O speak! his growing Fury stay,
Let Mercy in thy Sight be found.

S O N G.

Esther. Flatt'ring Tongue, no more I hear thee,
Vain are all thy cruel Wiles;
Bloody Wretch, no more I fear thee,
Vain thy Frowns, and vain thy Smiles:
Tyrant, when of Pow'r possess'd;
Now thou tremblest, when distress'd.

Da Capo.

RECIT.

RECIT.

Ahas. Guards, seize the Traitor, bear him hence.
 Death shall reward the dire Offence.
 To *Mordecai* be Honour paid,
 The royal Garment bring;
 My Diadem shall grace his Head:
 Let him in Triumph through the Streets be led
 Who sav'd the King.

SONG.

Thro' the Nation he shall be
Next in Dignity to me.
All my People shall revere
Merit, to their Prince so dear.
Daily to his honour'd Name,
Incense shall on Altars flame.

CHORUS.

All applauding Crowds around,
Shall his deathless Fame resound.

RECIT.

Esther. By thee, great Prince, we now again are freed,
 All *Israel* shall praise the glorious Deed.

SONG.

This glorious Deed defending,
We'll triumph o'er the Foe;
Still ever thee commending,
From whom these Blessings flow.

Now all we wish possessing,
Tenfold on Thee the Blessing:
Life, Liberty, and Peace,
May gracious Heav'n increase! Da Capo.

S O N G.

Haman. *How art thou fallen from thy Height!
Tremble, Ambition, at the Sight,
In Pow'r let Mercy sway;
When adverse Fortune is thy Lot,
And thou by Mercy be forgot,
And perish in that Day.*

S O N G.

Eſther. *I'll proclaim the wond'rous Story
Of the Mercies I receive,
From the Day-spring's dawning Glory
Till the fading Day of Eve.*

Mord. *All the Blessings Heav'n is lending
We'll defend our grateful Lays,
To his radiant Throne ascending,
Wasted on the Wings of Praise.*

D U E T.

*In exalted Rapture joining,
We'll employ our happy Days;
All our grateful Pow'rs combining
To declare his endless Praise.*

C H O R U S.

*The Lord our Enemy has slain;
Ye Sons of Jacob, sing a chearful Strain:
Sing Songs of Praise, bow down the Knee,
The Worship of our God is free.
The Lord our Enemy has slain,
For ever blessed be thy holy Name!
Let Heaven and Earth his Praise proclaim.*



F I N I S.

